
The look on the face of the camel

KONRAD LORENZ:
Studies in Animal and Human
Behaviour
Volume 2
Translated by Robert Martin.
360pp. Methuen. £4.25.

Konrad Lorenz explained in the introduction to the first volume of his early papers (reviewed here on May 14, 1970) that he had been prompted to reprint them because of the controversy aroused by *On Aggression* and the attacks made on him and other ethologists for drawing sociological and political inferences from the behaviour of animals; the theoretical conclusion that the behaviour of man and animals is largely determined by instinct had brought down on him "the funtinal hostility of all those doctrinaires whose ideology has tabooed the recognition of this fact". Laying about him with a will, he indicted vitalists, behaviourists, idealists and an assorted company of non or anti-ethologists: "It is a fashionable fallacy to believe that operational and statistical methods are making knowledge and intelligence dispensable in the pursuit of science".

It seemed likely that this vigorous onslaught on his critics would be enough to enable him to state his position and denounce the forces of error, but in the introduction to volume two he now returns to the charge: behaviourists are the chief target. He believes they fail to consider structure and causal chains of events:

the dogmatic restrictions of the behaviourists' research programme are psychologically amazing; it is extremely hard to understand their motives for renouncing not only quite normal everyday functions of human cognition, but practically all sources of knowledge which to "nous autres" make life worth living.

He offers two tentative explanations: imitation of quantum physics, and political ambition: "the fundamental negation of all that makes a person is necessarily welcome to all those who wish to manipulate great masses of people". In a bold metaphor he supposes the behaviourist to have undergone an epistemological lobotomy, an act of dehumanization. Whether the American behaviourists against whom his shafts are directed will recognize themselves in his description seems rather doubtful. On one occasion at least he tempered

justice with mercy: addressing the Harvey Society in New York in 1958 he conceded that if his criticism of the behaviourists seemed too aggressive, it was.

I haven't to redeem this impression by emphasizing the tremendous debt owed to behaviourists by science in general and quite particularly by ethology. I am, at the moment, not speaking of the vast success which behaviourist thought and experimentation have had in unravelling the problems of learning, and which is absolutely undisputed. The values which the world owes to behaviourism are by no means restricted to the field of practical research only. Its importance is even greater concerning the theoretical approach to the body-mind problem.

The main purpose of the papers in this volume, apart from its polemical sections, is to expound the theory of knowledge on which the ethologist's approach is based, and, more generally, to examine the philosophy of science. In a sustained comparison of spontaneous behaviour patterns in men and animals, Lorenz argues for parallelism, and emphasizes the "phylogenetic conservatism of endogenous automatisms". He believes, largely on intuitive grounds, that they play a considerable part in the social behaviour of human beings. In a lively and characteristic digression he reviews the way in which innate release mechanisms adapted for motor display patterns evoke specific emotional responses when, for example, the head of a camel is sighted and thought to be looking haughtily at the observer.

In the same context he discusses the releasing mechanisms which evoke aesthetic and ethical feelings

in human beings. Too boldly he asserts that almost all of the aesthetic feelings evoked by the male and female body are elicited by characters which are "immediate indicators of hormonal sex functions". He is hard on domestication; he declares that "there is scarcely one typical domestication effect which does not evoke our pronounced aesthetic revulsion". Ethical judgments come under the same rubric:

the same correlation exists between our ethical evaluation feeling and domestication-induced alterations of behaviour as between aesthetic feelings and morphological domestication characters.

Lorenz is virtually certain that genetic factors account not only for the innate releasing mechanisms, but also for the disposition of human social behaviour. Nevertheless he is far from ignoring the compensatory and regulatory function of rational thought and cultural influence in human beings. His outstanding weakness is a fondness for analogical reasoning and assertion; it betrays him into such absurdities as "individuals with behavioural deficiencies penetrate peoples, states and cultural circles in just the same way (and for quite similar reasons) as malignant cancer-cells penetrating the human body".

A large part of this volume is concerned with the application of Gestalt psychology to the comparative study of behaviour. Lorenz attributes to this theory of perception signal advantages: it facilitates discovery of the unexpected; it enables the observer to accumulate significant data over a long period of time, and (less seriously) makes the observation of

behaviour a pleasant exercise. The merits can have, as Lorenz points out, corresponding demerits: Gestalt perceivers often "select" a lighter for one of the "victims" induced in them by "Gestalt perception". In a balancing-act Lorenz concludes that Gestalt perception has a way of being both a blessing and a curse. If the perceptive observer is alive to its tricks, and knows its limitations, it can be a valuable guide. In a paper on Gestalt perception as a source of the power of sequential thought, but on the whole, Mr but without the rigor and discipline of Karl Duncker's monograph on productive thinking. It would be unfair to demand experimental verification of all findings and assertions in work intended to promote understanding of problems of epistemology and methodology; it is particularly fair when the author avows that he is a poor experimenter and, reasonably, refuses to consider his biological as well as of the social sciences. Lorenz has an engaging personality which is reflected in his style and his methods of argument. He is also one of the distinguished pioneers of the study of animal behaviour, to which he has made valuable contributions. His ideas have a wide sweep and enthusiasm is boundless. But his logic-based excursions into psychology, sociology, and the history of knowledge are not his forte.

No real alternative

BERON WAUGH:
The Flowers
You Like It
Michael Joseph. £2.20.

Of the way he operates, the book is a good deal better acquainted with a general idea of Auberon Waugh's political and literary opinions, than it is with the substance of his opinions. In the perceptive observer is alive to its tricks, and knows its limitations, it can be a valuable guide. In a paper on Gestalt perception as a source of the power of sequential thought, but on the whole, Mr but without the rigor and discipline of Karl Duncker's monograph on productive thinking. It would be unfair to demand experimental verification of all findings and assertions in work intended to promote understanding of problems of epistemology and methodology; it is particularly fair when the author avows that he is a poor experimenter and, reasonably, refuses to consider his biological as well as of the social sciences. Lorenz has an engaging personality which is reflected in his style and his methods of argument. He is also one of the distinguished pioneers of the study of animal behaviour, to which he has made valuable contributions. His ideas have a wide sweep and enthusiasm is boundless. But his logic-based excursions into psychology, sociology, and the history of knowledge are not his forte.

Hollywood hangover

GIN LAMBERT:
Goodbye People
Andre Deutsch. £1.75.

Mr Lambert's "good-bye people" is the drifting, bemused inhabitants of his familiar Hollywood desert. The set was struck many years ago, the vintage lots are up for auction, the contents of cosmetic not and blacken in the cupboards abandoned mansions where the last feast-out and the groups for pop festivals and love-ins. A territory of grand, hyperbolic decay and bleakness, inviting any sort of sadness. Mr Lambert's detached, immensely funny description of it is a touching, and never less a something offhand and unendingly sentimental, about his more working this ground he knows so thoroughly. "Goodbye" is said here in a way that suggests that neither the meet the farewells were of much

importance. It would take a more penetrating sort of despair, or possibly a tougher, more committed moral stance to make this series of transient situations moving. They are real enough. The novel is really three discreetly and skilfully-linked novellas: about Susan Ross, the last woman star of thirty-nine who dips into Meltdown, Jung, the 1-Ching and LSD, marries an impotent, absentee tycoon, and ends up alone in his fortress Xanadu, body-guarded every moment of her life; about Gary Carson, a draft-dodging ambisexual tramp of twenty who drifts downhill into dropout-delinquency; and Iorn Chase, the glamorous liar of the early talkies who obsesses the narrator and appears in visions to a young hippie girl who falls in with him.

The film stars are now like "quasistellar objects", observed from a telescope in one symbolic moment as distinctly fascinating, if shadowy and irrelevant, figures in the muddled consciousness of the living in this stricken area. The comparison is momentarily

poignant and appropriate, and the setting is full of chances for a writer of Mr Lambert's slightly low-pitched skill and unobtrusively mordant humour. Yet the idea goes for very little in the very casualness of his own wandering in the world of these sad and rootless generations. Oddly too often covers up for cliché, relentless accuracy of observation conceals the lack of purposeful plot or fully engaged understanding. The sheer remoteness, the business-like dispassionateness of his narrator—the author himself at not very many removes—works against a treatment in depth. Scott Fitzgerald, Nathaniel West, Christopher Isherwood the very talented forebears unfortunately show up Mr Lambert's exploration of this world as a set of mildly appealing but essentially perfunctory and world-weary rumination on the quality of human existence in this particular cultural destination. "Iorn Chase" is his best cameo here, successful for its more vigorous deployment of something very old and quintessential: an accomplished, absorbed storyteller's art.

Under a cloud

ARD STUART:
Rock Rude
Michael Joseph. £2.10.

Early clear, from the portents of the early pages of *Rock Rude*, that dark deeds are on the way. As the book opens, Terence is accompanying the pack-trains of fellow soldiers on the stage of their journey back home, Vietnam: aboard the helicopter, he smokes, shooting and clubbing his limbs as the vibration of the rotor blades shakes him loose. Next he drifts to the New Hampshire "erie" with little sign or sound of anything you would call "clouds" so ponderous and heavy as to move them and it seems to him that the air can support them: "until we beach on a tiny island—Rock Rude—where live an old man who hasn't left the island for years, his mysterious housewife and his two daughters: Lucy, a gloomy girl, and Baby, once a famous beauty queen, now an aging, bearded nymphomaniac. They might have conspired to keep the island apart from the Rock Rude, but the suspicious reader has already realized that Stuart has him firmly headed in the direction of those weighty, old-fashioned, backtracking, on the chain binding circumstances to coincidence which are far more than a mere meeting of minds. Raised by nuns, and in the end, Terence remained

of the sisters began to get through to him by tapping signals on a part of his anatomy not normally reserved for trivial communication. Shocked by Terence's first wholly coherent words, she stabbed him with a kitchen knife and, believing him dead, found herself a job as a housekeeper in the remotest place possible. Terence, likewise, is on the run when he discovers Rock Rude—taken there by Baby who feels she needs a stud about the place. He

also has left someone for dead—a woman, dosed with booze and barbiturates, who picked him up on the road and who just happens to be the wife of a famous trial-lawyer. It does not take the most agile imagination to guess who will be defending Terence after the dark deeds on Rock Rude (a triple murder—what else?) have been discovered. In fact, in this neatly circular novel, nothing comes as a surprise except the ardently long time it takes to tell.

Nursery mercenaries

BRIAN KILLICK:
The Nannies
187pp. Hamish Hamilton. £2.

Some unduly good-natured fun is directed at the rich, the powerful, the trendy and the bent in Brian Killick's first novel. Grouped forbiddingly in Kensington Gardens, mighty nannies, bearing as their own names like Abel-Smith and Bonham-Carter or, more alarmingly it seems, Hadji, exclude not only parents and au pair girls from their company, but children too. Children occupy prams and serve as a pretext for attending the club on icy winter days, and when they are dispatched to Eton or to Holland Park it is time to acquire new ones, if only to retain nanny rights. Yet the nannies dwindle. One of them looks set to end her days in a harem, another marries her employer, thereby tragically disenfranchising herself. When the doyenne among them dies, straw is laid upon the

thoroughfares of Eaton Square. Of course "there could never be social intercourse between nannies and employers"—which makes the nannies particularly reliable observers of the antics of their masters. A crooked and foreign millionaire is exposed and his nanny makes off with the remnants of his fortune, her dignity intact. An inmate peer forfeits his good name, too foolishly lent to the embellishment of the millionaire's contracts. There is starvation in the nursery of the family who are waiting vainly for their Fulham property to go up in the world, and another nanny is obliged to disburse her credentials with parents who never wear clothes in the house. Even the Mary Poppins fantasy cannot make this a very funny book, and though much of it will ring some nursery bells and suggest some shivery walks down memory lane, the humour is a good deal too treacly and inoffensive for rougher patates.

Foetus first

JAMES BALFOUR:
The Tiny Toys
200pp. Hutchinson. £1.80.

When James Balfour writes about the medical profession you can be pretty sure that there will be none of those angst-ridden, momentary of decision over the operating table or character-developing crises which so beset the average epic of hospital life. For the most part, Mr Balfour is content to play it for laughs, though he's not above slipping in the occasional moral judgment to let us know that he's alive to the effect of progressive thinking on his chosen profession.

In this case, the vexed issue to be dealt with is abortion—not the easiest subject to be both funny and partisan about perhaps, though Mr Balfour makes things easier for himself by drawing up a cast list of characters whose varying degrees of oddness ensure that we will be kept amused while the author slides the Argument in between the punch-lines. Funniest (in both senses) of the characters is up Griffiths, a fumble-fisted ex-ship's surgeon who is taken on to the strength at the exclusive Beauchamps clinic as a result of nepotism rather than good judgment. Apart from being ex-ship, Beauchamps is lucrative—not least for Dr Argyll who founded the clinic at the suggestion of two MPs who were prompted by murky motives. There are those, however, whose interest in the clinic, if not wholly at wit, has more to do with medicine than money. Young Arthur, humourless and dedicated, is anxious to get a few thousand operations behind him in order to write his definitive monograph; and Matron—once nanny to Argyll's son—is determined to see that, like her late lamented charge, the hundreds of little souls ascend to heavenwards

from Beauchamps make the trip fully equipped. Things do not, of course, go smoothly. An Griffiths boozes, Argyll is chasing a knighthood, and Arthur's devotion switches from work to women; the end result is a fatal error and a subsequent inquiry which provides the book with its narrative links. Mr Balfour leaves the reader in little doubt about where he stands so far as matters of medical and moral principle are concerned, though he knows enough not to preach. He commands a neat turn of phrase, a practised journeyman style and opts for wit over solemnity every time.

On crusade

ZOR OLDENBOURG:
The Heals of The Kingdom
Translated by Anne Carter
563pp. Collins. £2.25.

French title: *La Jolie des pauvres*. The theme is "Peter the Hermit's pilgrimage-crusade, a journey both spiritual and physical across Europe to a kind of mirage-Jerusalem", where reality is 15,000 putrefying corpses. Mme Oldenbourg understands both big movements and the preoccupations of "small, scuttling people". "A grave, repetitive book... it has a kind of weird decorum in the face of appalling events" (TLS, September 25, 1970).

An excellent translation, catching the rhythms of the original and the liturgical, chanting tone often used, especially towards the end as the narrative gathers speed and ferocity. One never trips up over the feeling that it is translated; it reads like an original work.

Mark Steadman McAfee County

A chronicle of America's deepest South. "This is a collection of black, humorous stories... best at its blackest"—John Whitely, *Sunday Times* £2.50

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Heinemann

Innately ambivalent

IRENAUS EIBL-EIBESFELD:
Love and Hate
Translated by Geoffrey Strachan.
263pp. Methuen. £2.50.

When ethology first began to make an impact in England and America it was like a breath of fresh air blowing through the laboratories where rats turned treadmills, threaded mazes, and pressed levers, and psychologists constructed theories of human behaviour therefrom. We (we non-biologists, that is) learnt from the ethologists that it was unscientific to generalize even from one breed of rat to another, let alone from rats to human beings; and we began to get an inkling of what the perceptual and sensory world of other species and on our own might be like, and how anthropomorphic it could be to talk of animals "thinking" this or "deciding" to do that.

The proper study of mankind may be man, but there is nothing intellectually inferior in wanting to know about animals for their own sake. We share the world with them: put crumbs out to keep them from starving, stuff them with chestnuts and eat them, write poetry about them, scream when they crawl from under a stone, spend a slice of our income on dog biscuits and Kit-e-Kat, leave our money to them, beat them, cry over them, and give them prizes for beauty. The most interesting parts of Irenaus Eibl-Eibesfeldt's book are those devoted to how evolution works westerly but purposefully for the adaptation of species and how perceptions and behaviour throughout the animal kingdom are adaptively structured. But ethological findings seem to be in danger now of being as misapplied to human behaviour and goals as rat psychology was. By the end of the book, those that Professor Eibl-Eibesfeldt might be able to contribute something now towards a solution of our dilemmas are disappointed.

To begin with, the book's title is somewhat misleading, for one thing that emerges from reading it is that very few species below man experience anything that could be called love or hate. Is the fish's urge to

stay with his shoal love? Or the iguana's head-butting contest hate? If the animal/human parallels are just making the general point that we are sociable as well as aggressive, we only need look back on our own thoughts for ten minutes to know this. What is disconcerting is the tenuousness of the parallels and proofs from the study of other species. We seem to be on our own.

It is when one looks carefully at what is proposed and what is brought in as evidence that the discrepancy is apparent. The second chapter, for instance, proposes to summarize the extent of innate disposition in man and animals. The section, headed "innate skills" quotes the case of birds reared in isolation who can nevertheless sing their specific calls correctly, and of squirrels brought up as domestic pets who attempt to bury nuts under a table-leg instead of a tree-trunk. These are clearly innate, pre-programmed skills. But the corresponding material on human beings is concerned almost entirely with gestures and facial expressions which have, of course, been observed in all cultures and even in totally deaf-blind children. These are surely not isolation would in fact not know how to sing a tune or hoard food. The report of the "wild boy" of Aveyron who was reared by wolves describes his embarrassing sexual grunts at women, when he was brought into human society; he had not learnt the skills of specifically human sexual approaches and rituals, and he did not (so far as is known) propagate himself.

Again, the section on "innate recognition" describes how many species are incited to flight, fight, or mating by certain configurations of shape or colour which are equally effective when shown on crude dummies. The corresponding evidence quoted of innate releasing mechanisms for humans is that of naked girls are shown slides eyes dilate. But it is precisely because they recognize them as naked girls from the more blurred image, rather than responding to a stereotyped and invariant pattern,

that they are responding to human perceptions and ideas. Only very young infants (for experiment not quoted by the author) have been found to respond in the same way to a mask as to a face. The section on innate releasing dispositions in humans is almost disappointing, though much might have been made of this: the infant's innate rooting for the nipple right from birth to Nestlé's theories about the predisposition to acquire logical language.

When he develops his argument that man and beast have innate loving as well as hating tendencies, Professor Eibl-Eibesfeldt largely on descriptions of gestures of greeting and hospitality from many cultures. While these are interesting and the illustrations, redrawn from photographs, are rather beautiful, they do not add very much to knowledge that man has a loving and sociable side. The problem of aggression that lurks behind the argument remains the same: whether these friendly tribes do things to their enemies, and we civilized people. But we have the ability to do them on a much larger scale, to put it mildly, than the animal or tribesman; and, as Professor Eibl-Eibesfeldt at one point recognizes, our central problem is simply the over-development of weapons. Given that we may be no constructive as we are destructive, no device has been developed which can reconstruct in half an hour what we can destroy in half an hour. The author falls back on the recognition that children are cared for such a way that their basic emotional and their aggression patterns are fostered, but unfortunately another advantage of present civilization is recognized in passing by the author: that it is ill-adapted to the primitive needs of children.

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The national art Deep in the past

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Waiting, waiting

PEGGY MILLER:

James
344pp. Allen and Unwin. £5.

"James" is Prince James Francis Edward Stuart, the Old Pretender, "old Mr. Melancholy". Though it was in his name that the four Jacobite attempts—two of them formidable—to upset the Protestant succession were made, he has had only two previous full biographies, both published sixty-five years ago, and one short one, *The Old Pretender* (1914) by Alistair and Henrietta Taylor, in 1934.

From these as well as other sources James's character is perfectly well known. He was a quiet, upright and kindly man who would have filled a private station admirably and might have made a respectable king. An exile all his life, barred from the British crown not only by existing circumstances but by his refusal to change his religion, he is historically significant only as a figurehead. And there is no mystery about him, for the documentation of a court in exile whose principal occupation was writing letters is voluminous to the point of satiety.

This cannot, then, be called a book that was needed. But it is handsomely printed, well illustrated, and to be commended, with reservations, to that large body of readers for whom Jacobite history can never be too often rewritten. The author has found some new material, especially in the vast hoard of Stuart papers in Windsor Castle, and her work is shapely and readable: though a little more care might have purged the text of frequent lapses in syntax. She keeps attention fixed on her hero, turning aside for only a page or two to describe the risings of 1719 or 1745-46 in which he took no part. Not only James but his parents, his brother Henry and half-brother James, Duke of Berwick, and his wife Clementina are portrayed with sympathy and justice.

Unlike the Taylors, Miss Miller is unfamiliar with Scottish names and places, so that we meet with Lord "Pittligo", Lord "George" (for Grange) and "the Cape of Buccuiness" (for Buchan Ness), and learn with surprise that there was a "Royal

Palace" at Secone. A passage about James's brief stay in Scotland in 1716 has four howlers in seven lines. Oddly of all is a strategic assessment which makes Stirling command "the best entry from England into Scotland" and asserts that Edinburgh and Dumbarton "overlooked" England to the south—for not even the sketch-map here provided places the Border between Forth and Clyde.

Miss Miller is unaffectedly partial. She sees James's whole story through eyes which might be those of the most devoted of his followers in the shadowy court at Saint-Germain, Bar-le-Duc, Avignon, Urbino or Rome, with the unswerving assumption that he was for his whole lifetime a *de jure* King of England, Scotland, Wales [sic] and Ireland. That was a tenuous claim from his father's death in 1701 until 1707, but from May 1 of that year there was a new kingdom, Great Britain, the written constitution of which restricted the royal succession to Sophia of Hanover and her heirs, "being Protestants". Hence James was never *de jure* King of Great Britain.

France and other Continental powers recognized James's title after his father's death, partly because Great Britain's enemies saw the nuisance value of the Jacobites and actively supported them when—and only when—it served their interests: France in 1708, 1715 and 1745; Spain in 1719. But no ruler recognized the title of his son, Prince Charles Edward, the Act of Union, which destroyed the basis of the *ius*, was a turning-point in Jacobite fortunes. Hence James's manifesto of 1745 denounced "the pretended Union" and "No Union" was one of the Jacobite watchwords. An uncomfortable fact had to be wished away.

This book, however, does not mention the Act of Union at all except to state that in 1706 James wrote to "the Scots" to hinder negotiations for it. The omission indicates Miss Miller's attitude. James lived to be seventy-seven and "all that time he had been waiting for something to happen which never did, but he had never given up his dream". His biographer's ability to share the dream, taking naturally and without insistence the Jacobite viewpoint, accounts for the sympathy and sincerity of her study.

Scotland for the English

CHARLES HENDRY DAND:

The Mighty Affair
198pp. Oliver and Boyd. £1.95.

Mr Dand deserves a hearty vote of thanks from all friends of candour: he has broken the strange inhibition which prevents students of history from writing a study of one of the great events in the history of the country—the union of England and Scotland in 1707, which Defoe called "this mighty affair". Before Mr Dand's book appeared, it seems that no one in this generation had written a full-length historical study of these important and very exciting happenings. Of course they are mentioned in every history of England or Scotland, but usually with fairly averted eyes: in recent times only Mathison at the Scottish end and Trevelyan at the English have told the story at reasonable length; to which one must add the interesting fifty-year-old commentary, not history, by Dicey and Rail, and the short introduction to the late C. S. Pryde's edition of the text.

Why this long story? No one could call the story dull, nor is it without lessons of statesmanship for later times. One would think that young academics would be competing with each other to fill the strange gap with publishable PhD theses. But, until Mr Dand came along, the subject remained profoundly unfashionable. John Prebble, the Homer of present-day Scottish history, has not touched it. This perhaps gives one of the clues: what he and most contemporary Scots like the Rob Roy tragedy side of Scotland's past or, as Jo Grimond recently put it with rather less clarity, a "sort of twilight miasma of sentiment for doubtful causes". The Union is not one of these. Taken as a whole, despite a poor start and present discontents, it is a splendid

Baillie Nicol Larvie success-story, and that is a very vulgar theme. An appeal in these columns (May 15, 1969) for the republication of Defoe's splendid *History of the Union*, out of print since the eighteenth century, has met with stony silence in Great Britain, though there are hopes of action in Southern Illinois.

The main reason, of course, is the resurgence of Scottish national feeling and the desire of the Scots to run their own business. But that is another matter altogether. Mr Dand ends his book by quoting Pryde's sensible remark:

The practical question of the Union's full relevance to mid-twentieth century conditions need not be confused with the historical assessment of its past contribution to the welfare of Britain. No change made hereafter should be the occasion for reviling those who in 1706-7 did what seemed to them to be best for the two countries, or for regretting what has been a noble, unique, and on the whole remarkably successful experiment.

These are Mr Dand's sentiments too, and he rightly refrains from giving his readers any clue to his views on the best constitution for present-day Scotland.

In any event, whatever one's feelings may be about the events of 1707, there is nothing but gain in studying them. One hopes that Mr Dand—whose book is deliberately popular history, with no footnotes and little pretence to go beyond what has already been discovered and recorded—may start an academic avalanche.

As popular history, *The Mighty Affair* is extremely good, and should be read by all Scots, whatever their viewpoint; it may even interest English readers, whose indifference to the issues concerned has been well known to Scotland for centuries. The Union was an extraordinary triumph of good sense and acceptance of the

inevitable. It was also a democratic act, as was the Scottish Parliament where the main act was acted out. A plebiscite vote (that such a thing was in those times) would have produced an overwhelming majority against the Union. But it has failed to produce a single workable alternative. Cameronians and Catholics voting side by side against one could reasonably be said to have agreed policy on their fraternal alliance (Mr Dand is particularly good on the many contradictory factors which were in opposition).

Despite the practical unity of the opposition, and the less leadership of the anti-Unionists by the Duke of Hamilton, it is hard to see how it could have been any other way. If it had not been for the fact that both of them were good, the Scottish Parliament would have been a disaster. First, the Scottish Parliament and indeed generally the Scottish government, so that there were no difficulties. The existence in a central place of influence (gained entirely by merits, since his patron King Queen Anne) of that brilliant far-seeing and secret man who swung the Church of Scotland behind the Union cause.

Mr Dand's subtitle is "The Union and the Scottish Parliament". The one point where he is present-day hindsight shows the Scottish Parliament as representative and, as a liberative body, had only one purpose: to support the Scottish Government. This is very much the evidence to support their literary grace, and a rigorous refusal to speculate beyond the limits of the evidence.

Within these self-imposed limits all these books are extremely well done, and have a good deal to offer

HISTORY

Communities in detail

MARCEL LACHIVER:

La Population de Meulan du XVIIIe au XIXe siècle
319pp. £3.25.MARCEL COUTURIER:
Recherches sur les structures sociales de Châteaudun, 1525-1789
244pp. £3.25.ANNE ZINK:
Azérix: La vie d'une communauté rurale à la fin du XVIIIe siècle
323pp. £3.60.

Paris: SEVPEEN. Distributed by Potters of Oxford.

These three volumes, all published under the auspices of the Ecole Pratique des Hautes Etudes in the series "Démographies et sociétés", exemplify current trends in French historical studies. Each represents an exhaustive study of the manuscript and archival sources for a single community, either town or village. The results of the investigations are presented in great detail, with elaborate tables to provide the required statistical stuff. The books give a curious impression of having reached some kind of historical bedrock: if they cannot answer a question, it is because the evidence is lacking, and probably never existed. Microscopic research of this type is demanding on readers as well as authors, and it cannot be pretended that these works are of much interest to any but the real specialist. In a sense they are primary sources to which other historians will turn for the evidence to support their generalizations. This is very much the evidence to support their literary grace, and a rigorous refusal to speculate beyond the limits of the evidence.

Within these self-imposed limits all these books are extremely well done, and have a good deal to offer the student of Ancient Régime society and demography. Marcel Lachiver's work on Meulan is the most restricted in that it concentrates almost exclusively on demography, but in this field it must join the limited number of classic studies on which our knowledge of the populations of pre-industrial France is based. It is unusual in that it does not stop in 1789 but in 1870, and this enables M. Lachiver to show just how far the traditional patterns were disrupted by the Revolution. The chief effect seems to have been to accentuate trends already present during the previous period, towards greater population mobility, birth control, and lower infantile mortality. From the middle of the eighteenth century there had been a marked increase in the numbers of both illegitimate births and pregnant brides, and from 1789 to 1839 the latter represented 24 per cent of all brides. Some extremely thorough work in the records of neighbouring areas has also enabled M. Lachiver to trace the practice of putting babies out to wet-nurses: Parisian babies came to Meulan, and the bourgeoisie of the town sent their infants out to the villages.

Although Meulan was a tiny town, with less than 2,000 inhabitants, it possessed its hierarchy of judicial officials, until they were swept away with the Revolution. Châteaudun, with a population of over 5,000, was also dominated by the class of royal officials, reinforced in this case by those dependent on the County. While M. Lachiver has based his work on the parish registers and the *état civil*, Marcel Couturier has relied heavily on the records of the notaries for his material. One very odd feature of his book is a lengthy introduction explaining his use of computer techniques in reconstructing social structures. This has no discernible relation to the main text, and would really have been more suitable for separate publication.

The crucial generation for the population increase was 1754-73:

the most distinguished scholars of the Habsburg age, his work on various aspects of seventeenth-century history has been truly pioneering. Despite the lack of any substantial new material in *The Golden Age of Spain*, we should therefore greet with relief a general history of Spain written not by a foreigner but by a Spaniard, and so well-qualified a one at that.

It is both a disappointment and a pleasure to say that the Spanish authorship makes no difference; a disappointment, because one had hoped that a native historian might supply perspective unavailable to the non-Spanish historian; a pleasure, because it becomes abundantly clear that even on the most controversial issues—the character of Philip II, the Spanish record in the Netherlands, the Inquisition—there is no longer any perceptible difference of approach between Spanish and non-Spanish scholars. It is true that there are judgments in this book that would not be acceptable to certain academic circles, such as his comment on cultural decline that "the way was left open to credulity, the supremacy of emotion over reason and deficient interpretation of the principle of authority", but we must await their reactions if and when a Castilian version is published in Spain.

The most original and stimulating chapters are those on the towns, for instance, or on the rural world—where Professor Domínguez Ortiz's profound knowledge illuminates neglected aspects of the subject. He makes it plain that he is describing an age of Castilian supremacy, so it is not surprising to find that the evidence he draws on from his own research refers solely to Castile and not to the provinces of the kingdom of Aragon.

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The state's share

J. BURKHEAD and J. MINER:
Public Expenditure
346pp Macmillan, £5.50.

One of the models prevalent in some kinds of economics is that of an economy in which there is, effectively, no public sector. Yet, as the authors of this admirable treatise point out, in most developed non-communist countries of the world the public sector is large and has been growing, both relatively and absolutely. It follows, therefore, that if economics is an attempt to find rational patterns of behaviour in economic affairs, some attempt must be made to rationalize what goes on in the public sector. It would be a very odd discipline which worked out a model for the behaviour of individual consumers and producers but left nearly half the economy looking as though it were entirely at the whim of a dictator or of chance.

Yet, that being said, it is a matter of dispute whether there is any system of general reasoning which could correlate economic behaviour and disposition of resources in countries ranging from dictatorships at one extreme to liberal democracies at the other, and ranging in sophistication from small rural kingdoms like Nepal to highly sophisticated economies like that of the European Economic Community or the United States.

One of the shortcomings of *Public Expenditure* is that it does not face up to the historical reasons for the existence of a public sector in different kinds of economy. Broadly, it assumes that most countries are like the United States and that within the United States the reasons why the government takes a greater or lesser interest in particular spheres of activity are not totally dissimilar

from those put forward originally by Adam Smith and some of his successors. It may well be, for example, that governments intervene in areas where there are natural monopolies, and that all countries are now committed to some kind of policy with regard to the level of employment. But within these very wide limits of agreement the differences between countries surely have a great deal to do with history and ideology. In other words, this book is shot through with the notion of consensus prevalent in the early 1960s when some of the text was first drafted.

Despite that limitation, however, *Public Expenditure* is an excellent exposition of the processes from theories of partial and general equilibrium applied to public goods right through to the concept of public policy where there has been market failure and into the politics of collective choice; it also gives a detailed account of fashionable policies such as programme budgeting and benefit cost analysis. Indeed, it would be hard to find these last more lucidly analysed.

The book ends by considering a subject more relevant so far to the United States than to this country, but which may well grow in importance if Europe turns to the concept of federalism: the relationship between central and fiscally autonomous local government.

A short chapter at the very end ventures into what perhaps ought to be the subject-matter of another book, which is the determinants and consequences of public expenditure. This, however, while it offers a number of brief hints and indications, is a very slight essay. It is to be hoped that the authors, having proved their abilities in their present exposition, will pursue the subject further.

Ghettos of the old

JACK SHAW:
On Our Conscience
187pp. Penguin, Paperback, 30p.

Jack Shaw has made a careful study of the welfare of old people in Sheffield, and has produced a well-informed and intelligent report on their plight which is disconcerting when one considers that he is describing conditions in a large and prosperous city. Mr Shaw shows that good intentions and right feelings are not in themselves sufficient ingredients for success in social planning, and there must in addition be a good deal of hard thinking leading to a practical approach to the problem. It is questionable whether it is sound policy to group old people together in large housing estates unless their homes are closely involved with those of younger people. As Aneurin Bevan said, old people want sometimes to see prams and not always the funerals of their friends. In Sheffield three large blocks of buildings containing more than 1,000 flats for old people have been built; many of these have become virtual prisons for their tenants. Partly because of a lack of forethought on the part of the architect, each tenant has to climb thirteen steps to reach his flat, a task which many old people have found impossible, and lifts, when they are present, are often out of order.

Mr Shaw shows that Britain spends a considerably lower proportion of its gross national product on housing than do most other European countries. The old are naturally seriously affected by this, for slum clearance is delayed, and in Sheffield, as in many other industrial towns which expanded greatly during the nineteenth century, this

can be a serious matter. Unfortunately, many of them elderly, are forced to continue to live in decaying houses, without hot water and with an outside lavatory in the back yard. But even when new housing is available it can, as has already been mentioned, be singularly inept:

Over three hundred old people in one block, spread door by door along "streets in the sky", is not my idea of the tight-knit, compact community which is desirable if the idea of sociability in design is to be achieved.

Old people, when they are to be rehoused, naturally want to live as near to their families, and former neighbours, as they can: this understandable desire was too often dismissed by the housing authority with a bureaucratic comment that the old lady was "limiting herself to the area where her daughter lives" with an indication that this attitude was taken amiss. It is in this sort of approach that the lack of imagination is so obvious: no one would doubt that the officials were high-minded, kindly and humane people, but the impression given in this book is that of a worried, harassed and unimaginative department.

Sheltered housing can be an important part of the answer to the problem. This may consist in a town of a number of single-room flats built round accommodation for a warden; in country areas bungalows are often possible. This form of housing is really a modern adaptation of the old almshouse which served so well for so many years and still does so today. For some reason this concept went out of fashion for a while, but it is now looked upon once more with official approval. It is often possible to build a group, or block, of sheltered houses on old little parcels of land which are difficult to develop as

part of a larger scheme. In the large urban areas, where need is greatest, the local authority is often the most reluctant to take in. In effect, the council's bureaucratic inertia.

Again, so that a local hospital and service can sort out the local authority to provide identical homes to which their own homes may be displaced, complete and other sick people admitted to hospital in their place this is not done, waiting for admission will grow, with a deterioration of sick people provided by the local. And so on, to collect these riches the magazine's organizers set up large post-boxes around the university, but when the boxes were broken open they were found to be packed not with the hoped-for dotty fragments, "the verbal detritus of communal living", but with old-style poems and short stories. As Dr Short describes it: "The general will was missing. The Old Adam of Romantic individualism had resented itself. The squads of anonymous collectors broke ranks. Soon, everyone was asking to see his signature at the head of his particular bit or piece." *The Amazing Magazine* turned out to be not quite so amazing as all that.

The value of the domiciliary services in the overall care of the old is also recognized, but Mr Shaw pertinently asks: How can we talk of the side-preservation of independence of the old person concerned lives in a household existence, entirely dependent on the regular visit of a help?

This perceptive and trenchant should be widely read and expected, that this will lead to closer liaison between the local authority, the general practitioner, and the hospital in a real preventive service. It will need to be spent, for "last year ago, hardly any creative writing has been published at this university. In times of such dearth, even *The Amazing Magazine* must be welcomed. It is too much to hope that its appearance may prime the pump for a whole lot of little reviews that will profit from its mistakes? Could it not prompt, by way of reaction, magazines with writing that is intelligent, individual, where the *AM* is not merely a collection of those humour is cool where in the *AM* is a harsh, with ideas hard, glacial and stinging no easy critical purchase where the *AM* such ideas as could be found were a lonely as old carpet slippers? Large demands and, according to most of the students I interviewed, unlikely to be met.

Apathy, the excessive work-load, the lure of politics: these, the usually cited blocks to student creativity, were trotted out, without vehemence, on all sides. On the face of it, this "dearth" is surprising in a university where creativity is highly prized, and where artists are offered more hospitality than they have learnt to expect from the academics. Benjamin Britten is UEA's Honorary Music Adviser. Two of the literature professors, Malcolm Bradbury and Angus Wilson, are the writing, and also a writing fellowship (last year held by the novelist Alan Burns, who was one of the leading spirits behind *The Amazing Magazine*); and later this year Rudinow will be getting an honorary doctorate of letters. There have been literary magazines in the past but these days the only student publication is a rather tatty broadsheet called *Twice*. *Kett* itself is much more of a don't publication (it is edited by Eric Homberger, a lecturer in the School of English and American Studies) and its orientation is more to the local self-asserting than the arts and the old poem. UEA has no literary society, and drama—which has been strong in the past—is now, I was told, "not spectacularly vigorous".

I asked a number of people—both lecturers and students—to account for the general inertia, and there was some support for the view of one lecturer who told me that—deeper than needs of young people in an ideology of "youth work", the provision of an elaborate and a true purpose. As Mr Leigh points out, "projects need to be expensive or dramatic, but they need thought, preparation and planning and continued guidance if they are to function effectively."

In a recent issue of the University of East Anglia journal *Kett*, there is an article by Robert Stuart Short called "An Autopsy of *The Amazing Magazine*". The magazine referred to was a one-issue flower of last year's upheavals at UEA, "with its stings, its disruptions of exams, its apparent threat of staff sackings, its deteriorating relations between the administration on one side, and students and staff on the other", and Dr Short sees in its failure an important symptom of malaise in the university. As he points out, *The Amazing Magazine* was not ill-conceived: the idea was to build up "a truly original figure" of life at East Anglia by means of anonymously contributed fragments of wisdom and description—"letters to relatives—cuttings from official and unofficial documents—parts of essays and teachers' comments—snatches of overheard conversation recorded on tape in common-rooms, seminars or on building site—graffiti—any last vestiges of dreams provided by the locale". And so on, to collect these riches the magazine's organizers set up large post-boxes around the university, but when the boxes were broken open they were found to be packed not with the hoped-for dotty fragments, "the verbal detritus of communal living", but with old-style poems and short stories. As Dr Short describes it: "The general will was missing. The Old Adam of Romantic individualism had resented itself. The squads of anonymous collectors broke ranks. Soon, everyone was asking to see his signature at the head of his particular bit or piece." *The Amazing Magazine* turned out to be not quite so amazing as all that.

And yet, looking on the bright side, the *AM* was a magazine; and, in common with the other universities I have been visiting, it had been a long time since East Anglia had any home for student writers. Dr Short clutches at the straw, albeit with limp fingers: "The demise of *Square One* some years ago, hardly any creative writing has been published at this university. In times of such dearth, even *The Amazing Magazine* must be welcomed. It is too much to hope that its appearance may prime the pump for a whole lot of little reviews that will profit from its mistakes? Could it not prompt, by way of reaction, magazines with writing that is intelligent, individual, where the *AM* is not merely a collection of those humour is cool where in the *AM* is a harsh, with ideas hard, glacial and stinging no easy critical purchase where the *AM* such ideas as could be found were a lonely as old carpet slippers? Large demands and, according to most of the students I interviewed, unlikely to be met.

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THE STATE OF ENGLISH-4



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University of East Anglia

FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

being met with more and more scepticism, and this scepticism is no longer confined to students.

As if to demonstrate that they were troubled too, the Literature Department at East Anglia recently held a Valentine Week think-in (confusingly staged the week before St Valentine's Day). A new university is short on rituals and this introspective jamboree was an attempt, it seemed, to knock one up from scratch. The timetable of the week offered food and wine, and a number of peripheral cultural goodies: a gathering on literary criticism, a forum on the Alternative Society, a history of the family, a discussion on Literature and Drugs, a showing of *L'Amour dernière à Marenbad*.

One could hardly imagine more trendily enticing fare, and behind it one sensed the same kind of ingratiating worry that has spurred a UEA Literature professor to climax one of his reading-lists with the words "plus, for mind-blowing, Norman O. Brown, *Love's Body*". As it transpired, the week was an almost total flop; it coincided with this term's sit-in, a particularly sweet irony, since the whole idea of the event was to break down those ugly barriers between student-staff administration which keep driving the students to sit in. The occupation mostly stifled, I gather, by firebrams from the School of Social Studies, fizzled out after only a day or two, but it virtually paid to the St Valentine's commemoration. One event, though, that did go ahead was devoted, rather boldly, to the question "What do we think we are doing here?" Attendance was fairly high—about a fifth of the school turned up, and although nothing very conclusive transpired the event did persuade many of its participants that this was the kind of seminar—and, indeed, the kind of question—that ought to crop up far more often. Predictably enough, many approached the topic from a rigorously political angle and there was also talk of the university as machine, a machine whose handle is cranked by the military-industrial complex and—some even dared to whisper—by the CIA. But there were enough willing to discuss teaching methods, the structure of courses

and indeed their own personal grievances, to prevent the thing entirely sinking into the familiar revolutionary rut.

The lack, not just during this week but so far as can be measured altogether, of any kind of recognizable East Anglian consensus is a lack which many incumbents take much pride in. The word "pluralist" crops up time and again at UEA and is invariably meant to signal virtue. This pluralism, at least in regard to the study of literature, is integral to the conception of the syllabus and to the stances that are adopted within the very broad—limits of that syllabus. When I asked Professor John Broadbent to describe the characteristic East Anglian approach to the study of his subject he discerned no fewer than four main approaches, none of which he was prepared to offer as predominant. There are, he said, the linguistic approach (represented by Roger Fowler); the "very pure technological approach"; the sociological approach (Malcolm Bradbury) and the "moral" approach—which he confessed to be his own. (Presumably he could have added to these a comparative literature approach, since this is a recent addition to the available range of honours options offered jointly by the School of English and American Studies and the School of European Studies.) Professor Broadbent's own particular interest, it should be said, is in the relationship of literature to "groups" rather than individuals. In pursuing this direction he is, he feels, getting back to what Practical Criticism was originally all about: the trouble was, he says, that original practitioners "paid so much attention to the poem that they forgot the group". True or not, Professor Broadbent's group-directed approach fits nicely with the eclecticism that his department fosters so contentedly.

And it fits nicely, too, with the syllabus, which probably allows more variety and liberty of choice than at almost any other university. The range of subjects taught covers modern and medieval history, local history, American literature and his-

tory, and linguistics. The courses are determinedly interdisciplinary—the disciplines in question being literature and history. All students in the school study some history and some literature, though a considerable degree of specialization in either is in fact possible.

The course begins, for everyone, in the same way: with a two-term preliminary course comprising an Introduction to Philosophy, Historical Method and The Study of Literature. The emphasis—as with the Sussex prelim—is on methodology; and, again like Sussex, there is some feeling around that the whole idea of a "last year" is misconceived, encouraging the scratching of surfaces which are not penetrated later on. Students seem divided on the issue: for every one who found the prelim useful there was another ready to condemn it, and the staff appeared to be rather keener on it in theory than in practice. A professor, for example, told me that it was really "a bit of an advertisement for the course that follows", an opportunity for teachers to show off their wares. If that's what it is really all about, one can't help feeling that two terms add up to a somewhat protracted commercial.

After prelims, the East Anglian student has to decide the precise bal-

ance between history and literature that he is going to opt for. As he, in other words, going to become an historian or, in the parlance of UEA, a "lettrist"? He can choose from a range of twelve "programmes of study" which provide a range of choice that permits most of the combinations between English Literature, American Literature, English History and American History as "majors" and "minors", plus "minor" options such as Philosophy and Fine Arts. Over the next six terms the student will then take a minimum of twelve seminar courses (in fact it usually amounts to thirteen or fifteen) and of these a lettrist must take at least two history seminars and an historian at least two literature. Also, in the third year, he will be expected to attend a "joint" seminar.

The seminar is the centre of the East Anglian teaching and assessment system. Seminars usually last one and a half hours and occur twice a week, and in the case of an interdisciplinary seminar there will be two teachers, one from each discipline. There is a maximum of twenty at each gathering, and if more wish to attend they are turned away or else—if the demand requires it—the seminar splits into two. The range and quantity of offered seminars really is impressive; a student can often choose his two or three from a list of more than sixty options (some of these being as one might expect, fairly minor and eccentric). In summer, 1972, for instance, the UEA student will be able to pick and choose not only between fairly mainline attractions like A. E. Dyson's seminar on the Victorian novel, Professor Broadbent's on "Death by Water: poetry and other arts", Professor N. S. Brooke's on the later twentieth-century novel, and Professor Angus Wilson's on "English and French novelists of the nineteenth century", but also between more quirky offerings such as "Black Writing", "Poetry in the Modern Novel", "Poetry in the City", "Detective Fiction"—in fact, just about everything from Old English to transformational pramism.

Even with two terms of preliminary warm-up in which to think about all this, it must be something of a problem for a student to grope his way through the maze. One student said that the syllabus offered "a great deal of choice and very little helpful guidance" and went on to complain that "academic staff are responsible for advising students, an administrative task for which not all are fitted and which is frequently neglected completely or dealt with very inadequately". A recent editorial in *Kett* rather undercuts this feeling by asking, albeit tentatively, for a bit more coherence and "structuring" in the offering of options. And a number of students mentioned—not always critically—the imbalance of the course: it really is possible to emerge from UEA without having studied Shakespeare, Milton, or Wordsworth but to be expert in some relatively trivial area.

As well as the seminar system, UEA's distinctive method is the continuous-assessment approach to examining. A student writes at least two essays for each seminar and gets a mark for them, which is revealed at the end of term. Some claim that this spectre tends to inhibit really open response to the seminar discussion, and many also argue that credit

Rural revolutions

W. A. DOUGLAS JACKSON (Editor):
Agrarian Policies and Problems in Communist and Non-Communist Countries
488pp. University of Washington Press (AUPO), £7.25.

This volume is a good example of a type of publication increasingly popular in American academic life. Some university organizes a conference or symposium, preferably on a topic with some fairly obvious contemporary reference. Papers are delivered, and comments (usually pre-arranged) offered by other participants. It takes a long time to collect, edit and print the papers and the comments; but these eventually appear, two or three years later. The conference reported in the work under review took place at the University of Washington in Seattle in August, 1967, and the volume was published some months ago.

The key-note address was delivered by Professor Wiltingel, who pronounced the summary verdict that "in the realm of extensive agriculture the American (and, European) why is superior to the Soviet and, in the realm of intensive agriculture the Japanese (and Taiwan) why is superior to the Chinese." Most of the contributors obediently directed their efforts to support this conclusion. Several papers provide detailed information of the current Chinese agricultural character about current Chinese agriculture. Comparison of post-revolutionary with pre-revolutionary agricultural policy and practice might even have seemed the most fruitful line of approach; this is rarely attempted. Taiwan is held up as "a model of agricultural progress" to other Asian countries. But it is not noted that the "stable government" which is credited with this result was an American creation, and that American resources have made an important contribution to the island economy. Another paper shows that South Korean agriculture

is by a small margin more productive than North Korean agriculture. One wonders how far the statistics quoted can be relied on, and how far their comparability can be guaranteed.

The papers on Soviet agriculture are on the whole at a higher level of sophistication. They deal for the most part with institutions such as the *Sovkhoz*, *Kolkhoz* and cooperatives. But the historical dimension is once more lacking: hardly anything is said of the progress and consequences of the vast and continuous migration from the villages to the towns. Nor do we get any very clear picture of what goes on inside these institutions, or in the Russian countryside in general. Mr Yaney, in his account of Alex. Novak's paper, justly points out that one of the worst things about collectivization was the absence of any trained administrators to carry out the policy, which was simply imposed by brute force. Party and government officials were remote from the conditions of life and problems of the Russian countryside. The same remoteness, with more excuse, often besets Western commentators.

The best balanced essay in this section—and, indeed, in the volume—is the work of Otto Schuler, a German agricultural expert who was active in the Soviet Union both before and after the war, and who now writes on Soviet collectivization and its implications for developing countries. A printers' muddle on page 233 has unfortunately obscured a key-point in his argument. But the sensible, if unsensational, conclusion of a paper well stuffed with factual information seems to be that the transfer of experience from one economy to another is a hazardous business where the prevailing pre-conditions are widely different. It is a warning that might advantageously have been heeded by some of the bolder contributors to this symposium. In the method, the comparative method is always dogged by that awkward and sometimes forgotten little reservation *ceteris paribus*.

Sentimental education

GEORFFREY YARLOTT:
Education and Children's Emotions
211pp. Weidenfeld and Nicolson, £2.50.

"Now here we come across a very difficult problem, my friends, and having looked it bowdly in the face, we will pass on." Thus Geoffrey Yarlott, negotiating an awkward corner, quotes from a Scottish minister's address to his congregation. Unfortunately it could apply rather too aptly to the whole of this fairly unspiced introductory text for teachers.

The author, admittedly, has a difficult problem in his subject, and one that demands a good deal of passing on when no useful conclusion can be reached. Emotion is very much less amenable to definition and experi-

ment than learning, and introductory surveys for psychology students tend to rely heavily on the gastric secretions of dogs. Nevertheless, a book that describes itself as an outline of emotional education, and undertakes the extremely difficult task of discussing how and why children's feelings may be educated at school, really needs to have something definite and illuminating to say.

In his understandable wish not to be emotional about emotion, Dr Yarlott gives most space to brief accounts of research which might be relevant to the subject. For specialists, a well-integrated research review can be valuable; but it is difficult to see how student teachers will be helped by the American dissertation that discovered that "raised eyebrows are usually seen as denoting surprise, half-raised

brows as worry, a single raised brow as disbelief, wide-open alertness, half-closed eyes as boredom . . .". Lucky the teacher has to be told what boredom is like.

The author casts some faint doubt on the assumption that drama, poetry, and "free composition" necessarily educate children's feelings. But then how can emotion if such an entity can be educated and discussed on its own at all? Educated through schooling? Unfortunately it seems that it is early to say: "our understanding of the causes and consequences of emotion remains far from complete". We will pass on; no need to many, many more books than many more authors on why don't really know anything about education.

Planning their time off

JOHN LEIGH:
Young People and Leisure
225pp. Macmillan and Kenneth Dewar, £2.50.

John Leigh is a tutor in "informal education" at a College of Education, and, if this seems to be an inexplicable paradox to traditional academics, the rejoinder might well be that the social needs of our time call for a drastic revision of the customary categories. In any case, his purpose is modest enough, free from the rhetoric of educational revolution. He examines the current provision for the use of leisure, both by statute and by voluntary agencies, and examines in detail what was attempted over a period of three years in a town in north-east Derbyshire.

If "informal education" seems a contradiction in terms, it is hardly to be denied, that the social and cultural

needs of millions of young people are at present hardly being met either by "further education" or by the indiscriminate resort to providing youth clubs, ambiguous of purpose and notoriously transient in character. If it seems a non-subject, that is because of the ambiguity of what is being attempted: veering between concessions to what young people want and the imposition of what adults think they should have.

The territory of Mr Leigh's inquiry, a mining community with few existing facilities for organized leisure activities, can hardly be said to be characteristic of the country as a whole. But the account of an experiment in "Moortown", with the most modest of beginnings with a dialogue and meeting-places for young people, shows very clearly the value of projects for "detached" youth. Simple beginnings encourage participation, even by those who would be unlikely to contribute any-

thing to the highly organized culture of an established youth club.

There is nothing very remarkable to record in terms of permanent structures, yet the positive gains in small and patient experiments in helping young people manage their own leisure in working together for their own ends are worth the analysis that Mr Leigh provides. In his concluding chapter on "Providing for the leisure of young adults", many of the suggestions are made for the general inertia, and there was some support for the view of one lecturer who told me that—deeper than needs of young people in an ideology of "youth work", the provision of an elaborate and a true purpose. As Mr Leigh points out, "projects need to be expensive or dramatic, but they need thought, preparation and planning and continued guidance if they are to function effectively."

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that it has been seriously entertained is not insignificant. Certainly it is significant enough for those leftists of historical inclination to feel obscurely troubled by what they see as a possible threat to the whole interdisciplinary structure. Professor Ashton, a History teacher, can envisage the introduction of a consolidated History degree but sees no reason why it should in any way deviate from the university's general goals. It would not, he stresses, be an orthodox Oxbridge affair, but would strive to live up to the UEA's rather strenuously chirpy motto: "Do different". Not everyone, neither historians nor leftists, is convinced, and one might predict that if there is to be a key issue in the next few years at East Anglia it may well have to do with this tiny tin-of-war

We will bill

The Construction of "Paradise Lost" offers less than its title promises. The book is not concerned with

The "wrong thing we can do," says Mr. Wilding, "is to insist on one single approach" to *Paradise Lost*. Perhaps this is valuing richness before orderliness as an aesthetic quality" in the words used by John Gardner in his foreword to *The Construction of Paradise Lost*, when dealing with possible objections to Professor Weber's approach. But the orderliness of a poem ought not to be, and in *Paradise Lost* is not, extricable from the richness. Milton scholars in finding the one have testified to the other. Their collective understandings should have been sufficient that no single axis would suffice for an understanding of this poem.

Actually Mr Lodge, rather surprisingly after his opening chapter with its detective-inspector-like warnings,

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There follow individual accounts of the main groupings of Machaut's poetry: the lais and virelais, the ballades and rondeaux, the motets, the mass and hoquetus. Here again the music examples have been carefully chosen to illustrate specific comments on the form and style of individual genres, and if the analyses are occasionally pitched at a high technical level, they are projected with a welcome measure of personal talent. The conclusion refers to Machaut as a Janus-like figure, for he excels just as much in the traditional art of monophonic song as in the newer devices ofisorhythm and polyphony. The chronological table of compositions is of considerable value, summing up as it does the labours of many scholars and musicians, but its usefulness would have been increased had the titles of works been added to their original and formal designations. It might also have concerned the music

ated at bar 25 and bar 30; in the latter *dominabis pacem* at bar 17 is repeated at bar 31 with a varied ending. The conclusion relies heavily on American textbooks, and the "list of works" is nothing more than a chronological table of printed anthologies, in whose six solid pages not a single title of a Palestrina work is even mentioned.

Information Frankfurter Buchmesse
Postfach 3914 · 6 Frankfurt am Main

Dr Wellens's book is the work of a disciple but of a scholar-composer with first-hand experience of Schoenberg's work and teaching. It is a piece of history, a small item in the Schoenberg saga. In this reissue an attempt has been made to bring it up to date in the light of the composer's final twenty-five years, though a brief new introductory reminiscence has been added. This is useful to a public, so to speak, but pedantic, though some obvious mistakes have been left uncorrected while one or two of the notes on performers now look curious. The English translation probably always

of the renewal of interest in inanimate puppet-plays and shadow-theatres and of the link between these stage forms and the religious and mystical revival of the period. However Lugné-Poe's line talent is not given anything like proper treatment; no details are offered of the work of the gifted painters associated with the Théâtre d'Art; there is no serious effort to convey the great originality of Maeterlinck, and the opportunity is lost of comparing his views on marionettes with Gordon Craig's suggestive ideas about the *Über-marionette*. In offering no comprehensive account of this period of experiment, Mr Henderson has failed to do it justice, and it is characteristic that his hurried summarising-up contrives to refer to inter-war stage experiments without once referring to Surrealism, the Théâtre Alfred Jarry or the theories of

seemed literal and awkward: it certainly does now.

A biographical section is followed by one on Schoenberg as teacher; it quotes liberally from his writings (an important new collection of which is shortly to be published). The section on the works is an extended programme-note style, the idea being to demonstrate the onward flow of a piece rather than to analyse its formal qualities. From his studies with Schoenberg Dr Welzsch knew how searching and full any analysis must be, and the composer expressed himself pleased with this book's "attempt to make my melodic qualities understandable". The *Gurrelieder* (now always written off by the hard-of-hearing) is rightly accorded a prominent place as an early masterpiece; this breaks through into a new age even as it sums up the one preceding it.

Contemporary Culture Records Library

BY JOAN BLACK AND JOHN HOLLOWAY

Of the richer traditions of English intellectual life concerns the place and nature of culture in society, and the debate about it runs back from Eliot and others, through Arnold, Coleridge and Pope, to Milton and indeed Sidney. Every society seems at a certain point in its development to ask itself whether, how far, and in what ways it can consider itself a civilization, and whether it is currently adding to that, or draining it away. Once raised, the question is not easily dropped.

In our own time, the matter can be approached along traditional lines, or new ones. The main traditional line has been to examine intellectual life broadly, and consider what is being contributed by the writers of the time to the cultural fund of the time. When Macaulay attacked the Royal Society of Literature on its foundation in 1839, or Arnold wrote "The Literary Importance of Academies", they were following the alternative approach, which today is more than ever to the point. It is to approach culture through the organization of culture. Today, even the most purely creative activities are increasingly affected by, or indeed made possible by, structures of organization and financing. If one turns from the creative artists to the consumers of what they create, dependence upon organization is equally clear.

Save placement, little is known about the organization of culture. This is because, like anything else, it is a matter of "hard" knowledge and of specific facts. Over the run of things, such facts are not easy to come by. They will be recorded in a vast miscellany of annual reports, accounts, seasonal programmes, syllabuses, magazines produced by specialist institutions, lists of local societies, or occasional surveys by research bodies. For a hundred years ago, items like these can be laboriously unearthed in one of our great libraries. Then we get a book on "The Public Lecture as an Institution of the 1850s", or "The First Days of the Literary and Philosophical Societies", or whatever it may be.

The corresponding information for our own time still lies buried in that

miscellany of first-hand documents. Some can be tracked down in our national libraries, though only by scholars who know what to look for. Many appear not to be preserved even there. They survive only in local archives, which means they are never set alongside their opposite numbers from elsewhere. The raw material for a general picture of our cultural life is simply not available.

Cambridge, over the past eighteen months, has seen the modest beginnings of an attempt to meet this problem. The attempt takes the form of a collection of the documents that record what is being done by bodies organizing the country's cultural life. Some of these work on a large scale: like the Arts Council, operating through a nationwide system of patronage and support for other bodies. Others operate nationally, but in one particular respect: the Society of Authors, the Performing Rights Society, Others operate locally. Since the total bulk of documentation from all of them would be vast, a selection has to be made.

Initially, the selective process operated through our own professional interests: one of us is the University Reader in Modern English at Cambridge; the other, Librarian of the English Faculty Library. It was appropriate for us to begin by setting literary culture in the centre of the picture, and working pragmatically outward from that. The Library is based on a government-sponsored annual grant from Unesco, and is now being turned into an independent trust.

The Contemporary Culture Records Library is in no sense a research project in itself. The use is to create a new library of research materials which are freely available to whoever may wish to study them.

Our own work is therefore to locate and collect the material, and then to classify and catalogue it. Clearly, in the relatively novel problems of classifying and cataloguing a collection of this kind, there is much of technical interest to a librarian; but the prob-

lems of locating and acquiring are not librarians' problems in the usual sense. One cannot decide what items are required by going through bibliographies and ordering from a bookseller. Controversy could doubtless rage over what constitutes the whole of even literary culture. Certain activities, though—a poetry reading, a lecture on modern fiction, the production of a serious play—would generally be accepted as part of it. Working out from that sort of centre has been something of a research project.

An example: when material from the provinces gives details of a week-end festival of the theatre, there may be links with the British Drama League, or with the National Opera and Dramatic Society, with local amateur societies, or with the local Arts Council, the local Arts Association, the great Foundations, non-vocational courses run by the local authority, or the Extra-Mural Board, or other institutions, of the local university. No collection, save one that enjoyed patrimonial resources of staff and space, could bring together enough material to reveal all this comprehensively. A limited project, carefully planned, can throw up the questions, and some of the patterns, of interconnection. No doubt many who begin their research in this limited library will proceed in due course to the national libraries or to local collections; though, if so, they can hope to get off to a flying start. On the other hand, a major source of guidance will be (as with any library) suggestions from users as to what ought to be added to our collection.

From records of literary activities, the net naturally spreads out to take in theatre. In view of the Endell House Collection in the Victoria and Albert Museum, our more modest holdings have concentrated on the serious theatre in the provinces. Again, hundreds of local festivals, large or small, amateur or professional, take place every year and branch out into local cultural life throughout the whole year. Often, the local public library is a focal point. Far more than simply a book-centre, it organizes lectures, readings, recitals and exhibitions, or is formally united to the local museum and art gallery, or both. Local drama and art, and other local societies, from the Writer's Circle and Local History Club to the Preserva-

tion Trust, meet on its premises or in some complex of culture-oriented buildings of which it is a central part. All over the country, local librarians and other representative figures have proved willing or eager to assist, and have seen the long-term interest and value of the work being done. A memorable picture of the liveliness and variety of provincial cultural life has already come into focus.

Local material, collected on a systematic sampling basis determined by population and geographical "scatter", is classified in accordance with the latest local government boundary arrangements—and this has brought its own frustrations. If the boundaries of local government, regional arts associations, university extra-mural departments and local television companies were all coincident we should have had an easier task, though no doubt a culturally duller one.

Mention of television companies introduces another dimension. There is a contrast between bodies whose records are for use within the organization itself, and those whose records serve a propaganda function. Television companies, seaside resorts, national institutions with a footing in commerce as well as culture, are often prompt and lavish in their supply of records. Other organizations, of equal or perhaps greater intrinsic interest, may be very willing to help, but are inclined at first to think that no one save their own members would be interested. No bookseller responds in that way.

At the same time, glossy records (in contrast to the plain kind) have shown up a special area of interest: simply, the way our language is used today, when the context is at once a cultural and a propaganda one. Here also it has seemed worthwhile to retain a good deal of miscellaneous material on a sampling basis: publishers' or other catalogues, "quality list" mail-order advertisements, house magazines. We also have specimen numbers of many other periodicals, from the little magazine to the underground one. The result has been to throw up a number of converging beams of illumination, and the problem has been kept manageable through using a little common sense.

With pauses for the sobs

CHARLES DICKENS:
A Christmas Carol
The Public Reading Version
Edited by Philip Collins.
206pp. New York Public Library.
\$15.00.

Today's paterfamilias—or yesterday's, small thanks to television—knows that not all 30,000 words of *A Christmas Carol* are to be read aloud to the family at a sitting. Should he skip passages to soften to the children the Spirit's grimmer revelations, or to spare his own feebleness, one fire-lit evening would be enough. For his first purpose, Dickens hoped to have compressed the Carol into two hours, but held his Birmingham audience happily captive for a full three. That was in 1853, when he took the stage for charity. Later, leaving profitably all over the British Isles, in France and on tour in America, his reading time of this story dwindled to within the hour and a half.

The first readings were confined to the Christmas Books. In time, the repertoire rose to sixteen items, with the Carol and *Barrel and Pickwick* as favourites. Before his death Dickens had made about 470 appearances. Some of his reading versions were privately printed for his own use and some were published. As a

prompt-copy for the Carol he had the pages of an ordinary copy of the book mounted on larger paper, which gave ample margins. He scored out short or long passages, cobbled up the gaps, jotted in cues and stage-directions—"Quick on," "Up to Mystery," "Stern Patheos," "To a Cheerfulness." Some of the successive shortenings can be detected either from his use of coloured inks and pencil or from his habit of using postage stamps or wax wafers to stick together pages already subjected to less drastic abridgment. Dickens said that the abridgment of his stories was made "in part no human being but I myself could hope to follow it." "Mentally," because he came to know most of his words whenever he wished: in his hand was a prompt-copy rather than a reading text. Yet although it would be hard for today's paterfamilias to read aloud from it, a compositor was able successfully to "follow copy" when setting the reading version of the Carol for an edition published in Boston in 1868.

Philip Collins has now edited this prompt-copy, preserved in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library and here reproduced in photo-facsimile. The facsimile being except with guidance, to distinguish Dickens's different inks, but Profes-

At present, about half of the collection consists of national material, but national organizations do not comprise only the obvious bodies: the BBC, the IFA, the Press Council. Hundreds of institutions, large and small, contribute to the total picture. Amateur music, work which makes it possible to craft, design, education for the young, and a great many more are often ignored or denied, for these and a great many more are promoted by institutions whose whose records now stand side by side.

With each year that passes the annual report or season's programme taken in isolation at first, comes to take its place in a longer and longer continuity. A continuity and shape develops through the whole enterprise (many institutions have already supplied sets of records since 1964, base year). As resources increase, new problems arise. Among them will be maximum availability to readers, and dissemination of information. In the near future, the national cultural clearing-house being established in Paris by Unesco may lead us to expand our further lines.

An interest in material like this of course not a substitute for the graduate literary study. That is the beginning of the idea. It will build up a picture of the cultural conditions in which, today, the writer must place his work—or the actor, or other creative artist. That more than the question of what he will create or how well he will create. In our disorderly world, the artist may be nothing short of a wizard, literary scholar is interested in the writer-in-society in any period. In our own time, such questions have special concern and urgency.

Beyond the matter of how the artist will produce is also the matter of whom he produces for: of the audience that engages with his works, which is the audience, by and large, that alive the literature of the past, painting, music, architecture and more. More fundamentally, it is the same audience that now has to serve the physical environment out of which these will simply become irrelevant. For all these reasons, we think that the library we are putting together must interest those who to understand our present life and to help to make it other than black one.

Leila and Mejun
Translated by Sofi Huri
Edited by Alessio Bombaci
30pp. Allen and Unwin. £4.

Although modern Turkish novels are growing popular in the West, classical Turkish literature is almost unknown. Indeed, the existence of such a literature is often ignored or denied, for these and a great many more are promoted by institutions whose whose records now stand side by side.

The story of Leyla and Mejun is a Turkish novel, in Turkish, and is a posthumous work of the Turkish series of the Unesco "Collection of Representative Works". It is likely to remain for a long time the definitive English version of the remarkable poem. This does not mean that it is entirely satisfactory.

The translator, Sofi Huri, has a similar curious note on this subject: "To those who do not consider this a mystic, I have nothing to say. The great poet has revealed to me his mystical nature, and no one can convince me to the contrary." It is hard to see how a translator can be a devotee of his story, and yet approach his task in a way which is somewhat different from that of most scholar-translators. Dedicating her work "To

Mejun's love, to the love that passed all human understanding", she then goes into some detail about her own background: "I had the happy fortune to be born into a happy family, as daughter of a person for whom I can find no name! I do not know whether to call him saint, priest, or man!"—and so on. Moreover, the study of the mystical poets of Islam "served to open before my heart's eye a vast spiritual horizon, and widened the sphere of my own thought and outlook. My heart was filled with their melodies of divine love." It is not the sort of language commonly associated with scholarly work.

The scholarly work has in fact been done by Alessio Bombaci, an expert on the poem from the Istituto Universitario Orientale di Naples, whose contribution is translated by a colleague, Elizabeth Davies. He outlines the life of Fuzuli, gives an account of his own works, delves into the legend of Mejun, and finally assesses Fuzuli's version. In particular, he draws attention to studies of the poem made by Soviet scholars. His picture of Fuzuli is not altogether an attractive one: the poet seems to have been for ever complaining of official neglect, soliciting patronage, and seeking preferment. In his sombre picture, Mrs Huri's lofty mystic is difficult to recognize.

Professor Bombaci draws attention to the fact that the translation lacks scholarly precision. In his copious quotations from the poem, he therefore makes his own translations. A comparison of the two serves to demonstrate that, despite Mrs Huri's deficiencies in scholarship, she excels in readability. Here is Professor Bombaci:

If the life of the Superior Fathers [the celestial spheres] and the bond of the Inferior Mothers [the four elements], ignorant of that soul restoring saviour and that gladdening joy, with deceit which approach like a sermon and with trickery which appears as a law, advise want to move the chain of the breaking-of-the-pearl-at-urion-and procure the pretext for the dissolving of the way of connection.

The hope is that this fact counteth not that, that Leyla, ornament of the

world, be late in lifting the corporeal veil.

Nor that this event make necessary that, that Mejun the wanderer of the world should fail to reject the representation of lust.

Here is Madame Huri: When, in that wilderness of mortal sleep that is called Unawareness, Mejun's bewildered soul saw the full splendour of that beauty, and, dazzled and entranced, let the reins of his self-control fall from his hands; then, had not the higher forces of the seven tiers of heaven, and those lower bonds, the four earthly elements, not worked together with exhortation and trickery to enforce a separation and to a breaking of the Chain of Connection, there would have been no reason to fear that the unconvincing of the earthly veil would have caused any distress to Leyla, the ornament of the universe, nor that the pre-ordained banishment of worldliness from the soul of Mejun, the world wanderer, would have occasioned any blame.

It has to be recognized that the academic translation is the translation of a translation; but even so it is no more than a working draft from which it is difficult to extract the meaning. Mrs Huri's version has greater flow, but towards the end she too becomes stilted. The reader is left in a condition of some perplexity, not sure whether he has understood or not.

Admittedly, the task is an onerous one. Mrs Huri has clearly worked hard at her translation, which runs to more than one hundred sections, some of considerable length. She attempts to avoid monotony by moving from rhymed to unrhymed verse, often couplets; but the latter are notoriously difficult to keep flexible. We are treated to passages after passages of which the following is typical (Mejun's father is addressing him in the desert):

To hasty youth all love becomes an art, And love becomes the fast maturing heart. But now thy years of foolishness are And all thy youthful follies should be Thy years are such that wisdom now Upon thy mantle and within thy breast.

Mature perfection should be close embraced. And youthful follies rapidly displaced. See how these follies . . .

And on an, banality succeeding banality. Nor does a slight canter improve matters. Addressing the clouds, Leyla says:

My confidant thou, heaving down from the sky Thine own stormy sorrows to mix with my sigh. Think not, because heaven is reached by thy head, That thou by the chief of all sorrows are led. Spend not all thy thunder, thy lightning and rain, Nor talk not to me of the days of thy pain.

The redundant negative apart, one feels that the form is not suited to the content. There is much play about Leyla's tears, which she offers to "lend" to the clouds if they should run short of moisture:

O, Cloud bear my words: when thy water is short No more with indignity let it be brought Of the Ocean's jealously hoarded store, But take the sad tears that my red eyelids pour.

The similes could not be more trite: She sorely grieved and scattered from her eyes Sweet pearls of tears, as rain clouds scatter rain.

The trouble is that much of Leyla and Mejun was couched in a poetic diction to which its audience was thoroughly habituated. Western literature, even at its most euphuistic periods, has never displayed such sustained artificiality. Consequently, the problem of translation is rendered acutely difficult: it might have been better if these prolonged exercises in the image-elicited had been put into prose. As it is, one form of artificiality is substituted for another; and the last drop of preciousness is extracted in strophic after strophic. A perusal of the translation would be likely to leave some readers with the impression of incoherent variations on the commonplace, whereas the history of the

approach of the author to his subject. The fourteenth volume in the series reflects the current concern about drugs. Here, in translation, are accounts by Gautier and Baudelaire of "the hallucinogenic experience"; the entrance into *les paradis artificiels*.

This book (remarkably ill-printed) is introduced by Derek Stanford. One does not know whether he or the printers are responsible for which errors in *Le Club de Chénier*, "céracle" for *chénacle*, "Chenevau" for *Chenevard*, "Le Messager" for *Le Messager*, "Huyman" for *Huyman*, "haschiehe" for *hachisch*, "Nothing" for *nothing*, explains Mr Stanford. "Baudelaire's" greater stature, compared with that of Gautier, than a juxtaposition of their own attitudes to opium and hashish. Grammar does not seem to be Mr Stanford's strong point. However, he discourses on what he calls a "psychedelic occurrence known as synaesthesia". It is, perhaps, more generally known as the theory of correspondences. Mr Stanford discusses its use by Arthur Symonds and Oscar Wilde.

Naval History
JOHNSON, R. P. *The Royal George*. 201pp. Charles Knight. £2.80. This book argues that the verdict of the court martial investigating the sinking of *Kempenfelt's* flagship off Portsmouth in 1782 was perverse. R. P. Johnson has a strong if not a conclusive case and an article in a learned journal based on properly cited authorities and supported by the scientific arguments, included here in an appendix by R. D. Martine, would have aroused well-earned specialized interest and controversy. In this book, the main point is

approach of the author to his subject. The fourteenth volume in the series reflects the current concern about drugs. Here, in translation, are accounts by Gautier and Baudelaire of "the hallucinogenic experience"; the entrance into *les paradis artificiels*.

It is good to know that the translation was suggested originally by the late Hasan Ali Yücel, Turkish Minister of Education during the years and himself a poet, who did so much at a sombre period to foster Turco-British friendship.

Books received

Agriculture
CURFORD, III *Fares the Land*. 170pp. André Deutsch. £2.25.

Mr. Curford, who over the past twenty years has built up a fairly large farming enterprise, has never been happy with the official policy of either the Ministry of Agriculture or the Ministry of Farmers' Union. He would preserve, on environmental as well as economic grounds, the middle-sized, mixed family farm. This would, it seems, involve more protection and less intervention—a book, or illustrated Mr Curford's dancing with a wave of a paper-knife, or simulated with equal conviction the sulky growl of Scrooge, the fishy treble of Tiny Tim, the second voice of Marley, even, according to one Scotch newspaperman, comparing Bob Cratchit's bodily presence with missing teeth, a "cheery look about the face, and a scoured look in the eye. The book alone would help you to that." Professor Collins's introduction and notes go a long way towards re-creating the bodily presence of Dickens at his reading desk.

Dickens's business manager, who did that the Tiny Tim scene "from often interrupted by loud sobs" of the female portion of the audience, and occasionally, too, from the Paterfamilias need feel no more for his tears.

ment. Within each classification the works are still arranged under bibliographies, sources, and later books, but a change from chronological to alphabetical order has been made in most of the sections. The descriptive notes to many of the items are succinct but always useful: to take a single example at random, the much-disputed authorship of the *Elton bustle* is now tentatively assigned to Charles I. and Bishop Gauden jointly. With upwards of 4,000 main entries and references to many other works, the enlarged edition will be welcomed by all practising historians.

Biography and Memoirs

OWEN, G. DYNALIT (Editor). *Calendar of the Manuscripts of the Most Honourable The Marquess of Salisbury*. Preserved at Hatfield House, Hertfordshire. Part 12 (AD 1612-1668). 380pp. HMSO for Historical Manuscripts Commission. £13.

This volume of the Salisbury papers, originally prepared by M. S. Giuseppi, contains an excellent introduction by his successor. After the splendid service of William Cecil to Queen Elizabeth I and of Robert Cecil to James I, William, second Earl of Salisbury, was virtually a nonentity. He does not rate a separate article in the *Dictionary of National Biography* and hardly a line in Lawrence Stone's *The Crisis of the Aristocracy*. Though he never rose much above being Lord Lieutenant of Hertfordshire and Captain of the Band of Gentlemen Pensioners. When civil war came he left Charles I in the north for the attenuated House of Lords in London. Under the Commonwealth he became MP for King's Lynn, but was duly forgiven at the Restoration, dying in 1668. His son, the third Earl, was to become a Whig. This volume consists entirely

of the second Earl's papers, which, like him, are of minor interest.

Classics

STATUS, P. PAPINUS. *Thebais I-III*. Translated by J. B. Poynton. 71pp. Oxford: Shakespeare Head Press. £1.50.

Few today are familiar with Statius's *Thebaid*, and this translation of three of the twelve books is a welcome tribute to a poet who can boast Juvenal, Dante and Chaucer as sponsors, though Statius himself readily proclaimed his inferiority to his beloved Virgil. In choosing the Spenserian stanza as his medium for "long-distance" verse, John Poynton joins the company of some of the greatest English poets; and those who know his exceptional skill as a composer in Greek and Latin metres will not be surprised at the craftsmanship here equally displayed. It has been said that the artificiality of the *Thebaid* is of a kind which only an able writer can produce. It is no less true that only a first-class scholar and versifier could reproduce it in English with such smooth elegance.

Economics

KUCZYNSKI, MARQUETTE and MEER, RONALD L. *Quesnay's Tableau Economique*. 342pp. Macmillan for the Royal Economic Society and the American Economic Association. £7.

Ronald Meer and Marguerite Kuczynski, both authorities on Marx, here reproduce in facsimile, with translation, the long-dusted third edition of Quesnay's famous Table which Mrs Kuczynski rediscovered some years ago. Professor Meer introduces it with a thorough description of the three editions and their development; his colleague with an account of her searches and

rediscovery. Appendixes and full notes enable English readers to follow Quesnay's changing and changed ideas and expressions of them. It forms a handsome, though costly, and worthwhile work; but the notes do not dispense with the need for an index, which, the book unaccountably lacks.

History

STRUBB, ROY and OMAN, JULIA. *Turvelvan: Elltathel R.* 79pp. Secker and Warburg. £1.95.

The Director of the National Portrait Gallery and his wife, a theatre designer, have put together portraits of Queen Elizabeth I from youth to old age, interspersed with details of dress, jewelled ornaments, and the regular. It is an evocative book, obviously produced with great care and artistic sensibility, where the whole emphasis is on Elizabeth as a woman in all her love of personal display and concern for her public image. The text is slight, but includes some relevant extracts from contemporary documents. A minor adornment which adds to the period flavour of the many facsimiles of Elizabethan printers' ornaments, title-page borders and headpieces. Perhaps unavoidably the illustrations are identified and described only in the notes at the end, so that the reader must constantly turn to and fro.

Literature and Criticism

GAUTIER, THOMAS and BAUDELAIRE, CHARLES. *Hashish White Opium*. Translated by Maurice Sarras. 92pp. Calder and Boyars. £1.50.

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